

a guide to foolery and clownery (and love and other diseases)
by lilithdcclxxvii, stardustupinlights

Series: the sun won't resign. [3]

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Summary:

A series of short conversations stolen from certain people's phones set during, and much, much after the continuity of the main fic in this series. Give it a go at your own discretion. Beware of mild, very mild, not really, spoilers!

Relationships: Apollo/Percy Jackson

Series: the sun won't resign. [3]

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Collections: The Temple of Apollo Fic Collection

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

we have no regrets whatsoever.

if you can't tell who's who then that's on you.

we're not sorry.

if you smiled please leave a comment so we can keep doing this :)

the entire sun: percy i've been holding this in for a while but i've gotta come out and say it.

the entire sun: i don't think you look that good in booty shorts

salt: apologize right now or i will beat your ass seven ways to sunday that even the lord above in heaven won't be able to instill forgiveness upon me

some dude: help

knife knife revolution: no

some dude: artemis i'm in genuine trouble

knife knife revolution: what did you do

some dude: [screenshot of his messages with percy]

knife knife revolution: holy shit

knife knife revolution: you're actually stupid. i'm giving him my blessing

some dude: what the fuck.

knife knife revolution: good fucking luck lol

[some dude has been blocked by knife knife revolution]

salt: who the fuck enjoys eating peas

salt: people who genuinely enjoy eating peas are fucking freaks.

salt: like what the fuck

salt: get that checked out

salt: fucking loser fruit

the entire sun: i like peas

salt: hey siri how do i tell my boyfriend im breaking up with him

the entire sun: kjh'tyk-

salt: what

the entire sun: kthlnm709;[-'

the entire sun: ;'O>L,iuy

the entire sun: .[k;,

salt: the fuck?

the entire sun: what are your thoughts on cats

salt: what did you do

the entire sun: [image of their kitchen counter. on the counter is a grand total of 13 cats]

salt: w

salt: what the FUCK

the entire sun: one of them jumped me

salt: that one can stay

salt: hey, quick question, what time is it exactly?

the entire sun: .

the entire sun: 2 am

salt: yeah. so, another quick question.

salt: why the everloving FUCK can i hear you a room over trying to learn how to play nicki minaj on the kazoo?

the entire sun: yeah i'll get my pillows for the couch

salt: just had five espresso shots

the entire sun: im coming over

salt: you can't stop me

the entire sun: no but i can give you cpr

salt: kinky

sonic: apollo stop being mad at me

the entire sun: idk who this is

sonic: we're in the middle of a council middle we can see each other on our phones

[sonic has been blocked by the entire sun]

salt: if you had to choose between your own son, asclepius, and pitbull, who would you choose?

the entire sun: easy

the entire sun: pitbull

mr doctor guy: what the fuck?

salt: oh no

the entire sun: are you okay?

salt: bonmk

the entire sun: what

salt: don't worry it wasn't me

the entire sun: what??

knife knife revolution: where's loser

salt: getting his homosexual drink at starbucks

knife knife revolution: disgusting.

knife knife revolution: pick up a cake pop for me

knife knife revolution: and get me whatever drink youre getting because it'll probably make him die

salt: will do, say hi to leto for me

bitch: how's percy doing? 😊😬

the entire sun: please stop

bitch: why should i

the entire sun: this is harassment??

bitch: if i was harassing you, you would know

the entire sun: i plead the fifth

the entire sun: [40+ pictures]

salt: 👍👍

[timestamp; 3 hours later]

salt: where are the rest of my pictures

the entire sun: you gave my nudes a thumbs up how was i supposed to know you wanted more

salt: because i gave you thumbs up

the entire sun: [dick pic]

salt: 👍👍👍

the ex-gf: lord apollo please pick up percy from class he's going to have an aneurysm

the entire sun: how did you get this number

the ex-gf: how did YOU get my number

the entire sun: im coming right over to pick him up

the ex-gf: that's what i thought

mama: apollo

mama: give me percy's number

the entire sun: no

mama: if you want to see your ukulele again you will give me his number

the entire sun: ...ok mom

mr doctor guy: percy, it's come to my attention that my dad is force feeding you your meds

salt: lie

mr doctor guy: i got video proof. it was oddly sexual and uncomfortable to watch

mr doctor guy: please just take your meds, percy

salt: k

salt: im so sorry

mr doctor guy: don't worry. just send me more brownies next week

salt: ok. I'll make ur favorites

[follow up, three hours later]

the entire sun: why are you so nice to asclepius and not to me

salt: because i don't eat his dick for breakfast

the entire sun: i

the entire sun: yeah. I get it.

piper: why don't i get a nickname in your contacts

salt: because you're a lesbian.

piper: oh right im normal

salt: no just depressed

piper: im a lesbian its the same thing

salt: oh truer

monster fucker: percy, i was wondering if you wanted to come over to atlantis this weekend

salt: can't. Im going to watch movies with mama leto

monster fucker: i haven't seen you in three months

salt: and i didn't see you for 12 years, get in line

salt: you'll NEVER guess what your son just did.

mother leto: oh no what did he do?

salt: [image of the 13 cats this man brought home]

mother leto: he did NOT

salt: he DID

mother leto: i can't believe this. are there any you want to keep though? have you named any of them?

salt: well actually

salt: i've named one cat, and i would be ok with keeping them only because it jumped apollo

mother leto: how nice of them. give them a treat from me. what's their name?

salt: i've named it the bane of apollo

mother leto: i love it. i'm coming over to see them

[timestamp, 2:34pm]

the entire sun: what do you want from starbucks

salt: get me my regular exam season shuffle

the entire sun: what

salt: just tell the barista that. they'll know what i mean.

the entire sun: alright

[2:39pm]

the entire sun: what did i just do

the entire sun: the barista looked genuinely panicked when i ordered that. what did you just make me order

salt: the exam season shuffle

the entire sun: that literally doesn't answer anything

salt: you'll see soon

[2:44pm]

the entire sun: hey percy?

the entire sun: so. i was watching them make your drink and i noticed that um. well. that is *literally* only espresso shots. that is a trenta. with just espresso shots. why are all of the baristas writing good luck on your cup. Help

salt: tell them i said thank you

fruit salads

the entire sun: guys look at my yurkey sandwich

the entire sun: turkey*

salt: yurkey

piper: yurkey

sonic: yurkey

knife knife revolution: get his ass

the entire sun: baby i love you so much

the entire sun: like so much im crying

the entire sun: i love you



salt: did you cheat on me

the entire sun: NO

salt: then what

the entire sun: I JUST LOVE YOU

salt: sounds fake but okay

the entire sun: ok i'll admit it

the entire sun: sigh

salt: did u just write sigh in out chat

the entire sun: i miss eating your ass

salt: it's been two days

the entire sun: AND I'M STARVING

[the entire sun has been blocked by salt]

salt: apollo

the entire sun: oh it's never good when you write my full name

salt: ...forget it

the entire sun: NO BABY COME BACK STAY IM SORRY

the entire sun: what is it? do you need cuddles?

salt: no

salt: just love u

salt: <3

the entire sun: holy shit

the entire sun: im coming over

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

assume every typo is intentional
because even if it wasn't
we're leaving it there

hera wishes she was me

[the entire sun has been added to the chat]

mama: can my son come forward

the entire sun: no. why is everyone here

mr doctor guy: this is an intervention

knife knife revolution: i thought we agreed to call it a personal attack

ms clean: this is about percy

the entire sun: i don't like that

mama: yes you do he's cute

knife knife revolution: i have the screenshots

the entire sun: you've met him like two times

mama: he's so pretty and polite

mr doctor guy: cooks nice. he brought snacks for spike

ms clean: all my siblings want to meet him

the entire sun: so what

mama: marry him

knife knife revolution: and fast

the entire sun: JAKSDASDF WHAT!!!!

[knife knife revolution added sax man and redhead]

the entire sun: NOOOOO WHY DO YOU HAVE THEIR NUMBERS

sax man: i wanted to join the hunters when i was 13

redhead: i wanted advice from the best archer in the family

the entire sun: KAYLA YOU'RE GROUNDED

redhead: im really not

sax man: im telling percy u said that to kayla

the entire sun: what is happening

mama: you're getting married!

knife knife revolution: took you long enough loser

the entire sun: this can't get worse

[mr doctor guy added unlicensed asclepius]

unlicensed asclepius: first of all rude

unlicensed asclepius: second of all marry percy

unlicensed asclepius: goodbye

[unlicensed asclepius added death]

[unlicensed asclepius left the chat]

death: im just here for screenshots guys go on

mama: i love my family

the entire sun: i hate it here

salt: hey why the fuck is there no cow milk in the fridge?

the entire sun: oh yeah i replaced it all with oat milk and almond milk and stuff

salt: what the fuck? why?

the entire sun: because its healthier for you? and it tastes better?

salt: no??? it tastes like shit get me back my cow milk or else

the entire sun: hey can we get a gecko?

salt: what

the entire sun: can we get a gecko

salt: no? theyre so hard to take care of and you need a cage

the entire sun: it can sleep with us

salt: no the fuck it will not?

the entire sun: ur so prettyyyy

salt: thats gay

the entire sun: you are literally a homosexual

the entire sun: hey babe

salt: sup

the entire sun: you're looking submissive and breedable today

salt: you're looking dominant and sterile

the entire sun: im not sterile :(

salt: you will be if you say that shit to me again

the entire sun: you liked it last night :((((

[the entire sun has been blocked by salt]

salt: hey remember when you tried to kiss me but poseidon was in the room and you dabbed instead

the entire sun: shut up shut up shut up shut up sh

monster fucker: is this paul blowfish?

paul: no

monster fucker: are you sure?

[monster fucker has been blocked by paul]

the entire sun: i know math. good math

salt: fuck you

the entire sun: i can help u with your homework

salt: oh.

salt: im gonna suck ur dick then.

salt: you will die in seven days

the entire sun: sweet, can you pick up bread on the way home

salt: i've set up numerous traps around the house, prepare to die

the entire sun: yes i love you too percy

salt: ur coming over to study right

the entire sun: yes i got everything planned. It's gonna be awesome

salt: what should i wear for u this time

the entire sun: your pajamas i guess? whatever you're comfy in

salt: right but

salt: i wanna look good for u

the entire sun: you always look good baby

salt: ok but

salt: i thought you'd be more excited about this tho

the entire sun: i am! I got a bunch of stuff for you to try

salt: oh ok so it's like that. I can just be naked then

salt: can't wait to see what u got in mind

the entire sun: why would you be naked?

salt: why wouldn't i be

the entire sun: that sounds uncomfortable for a study session. you could get a paper cut

salt: i

salt: hm

salt: how old are u again?

the entire sun: around 4617

the entire sun: why?

salt: apollo can i see what u prepared for tonight

the entire sun: [attached picture: markers, highlighters, flashcards, color-coded notes for every subject percy's studying, a printed image of the inside of the human body]

salt: apollo

salt: when i said i wanted to study anatomy with you

salt: i did not mean literally

the entire sun: oh.

the entire sun: what did u mean then?

salt: nevermind i'll just put up my studying playlist when u come over

the entire sun: ok baby

the entire sun: im so excited

the entire sun: can't wait to count bones with u

salt: fucking nerd

the entire sun: 😊😬😬

the entire sun: babe ur tits look fat rn

salt: where are you how do you see me im literally in the middle of nowhere rn

the entire sun: :)

salt: if i look up, and see you, im literally breaking up with you this is the 5th time this week youve done this

the entire sun: haha... king... anyways.. um. Please close your eyes right now

salt: oh my god.

salt: spacial

salt: speicical

salt: speacical

salt: specicel

the entire sun: i just brought home a raccoon dont go in the kitchen

salt: ok

salt: speciel

salt: wait you fucking what

the entire sun: in this world its milk or be milked

salt: what the hell did you just say to me

salt: I once fought a lobster with a steak knife cuz it escaped the bag we bought it in and it was the most fun ive had in my entire life. It haunts me to think about if there's something out there that looks at us like that

mr doctor guy: ok so this is definitely something we should talk about in our next appointment

the entire sun: baby when u said you were moving back to new york i was really happy

salt: uh huh

the entire sun: but why do u like this city so much

salt: the scenery

the entire sun: right and what else

salt: i can bite people and it's socially acceptable

the entire sun: and what else

salt: people are just really nice here

the entire sun: right well

the entire sun: [attached video: two people at a deli place cussing each other out violently over a sandwich, a lady cutting the line, someone screaming in the background, a cop watching with sunglasses on and a smoothie, the wall in front of him has "FUCK COPS" painted on it. in the distance, you can hear someone singing a very shitty rendition of taylor swift's welcome to new york]

salt: yah i just love the place man

olympian council chat group

[timestamp, 3:02am]

the entire sun: [attached video: percy jackson sitting on top of apollo's kitchen table at the sun palace with a scottish skirt, a 'i new york' t-shirt and 6 inch platforms on, playing a kazoo with the skill of a proper musician with nothing to lose and no fucks left. the song is WAP by cardi b and megan thee stallion. It's strangely touching. you can hear distant sobbing in the background. it is, without argument, apollo crying at the beauty of such performance]

old gray eyes: what the fuck, apollo. this is not what this chat group is for

monster fucker: i didn't need to see that

sonic: that was beautiful?????

bitch: what the fuck is percy wearing. that is not vogue at all

thunder fucker: when was i added to this group chat

thunder fucker: how do i pull out

step-witch: maybe you should learn to pull out more often indeed, honey

[hephaestus has left the chat]

bitch's bf: i like horrible things but that isn't one of them

meg's mom: hello??? was that some sort of threat???? is there a demigod revolution coming????

knife knife revolution: percy's invited to go camping with me

alcoholic anonymous: apollo leave the group chat or i can't block you for that

auntie hestia : i think that was lovely

old gray eyes: how do i leave

[timestamp, 11:00am]

the entire sun: oh i meant to send that to someone else

monster fucker: to whom

the entire sun: my mom

step-witch: ugh

thunder fucker: how's she doing

thunder fucker: is she seeing anyone or

step-witch: ZEUS!!!!

thunder fucker: oh i forgot you were here

the entire sun: [image attached: a shaky photo of percy on his phone, on his phone it shows that he's looking up "how to kill a god"]

the entire sun: HELPFOPGKFGF['GPB

[the entire sun has left the chat]

knife knife revolution: damn. he's fucking dead

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

this was so much fun.

and yes the nico interviews will be ongoing.

salt: WHERE DID THE FUCKING RACCOON GO???

the entire sun: HOW DO YOU LOSE AN ENTIRE RACCON

the entire sun: would you still love me if i was a fish

salt: absolutely not

the entire sun: what the fuck? why not

salt: because you'd be a fucking fish??? what about this is not clicking

"Fucking ouch!" Percy snaps, lowering his head, and Apollo bursts out laughing. "This isn't funny!"

"Yes it is," Apollo wheezes out, and jostles Percy with the hands under his thighs, which just makes him lower his head even more and wrap his arms even tighter around him. "Oh, don't move so much, I might drop you."

"This was a bad idea," Percy presses his chest against Apollo's back, tightening his legs around his waist. "I knew we were too tall for this. Put me down."

"No," Apollo replies, rather cheerfully, and attempts to straighten his back only for Percy to let out an alarmed noise as his head almost hits the ceiling again, making him hunch into Apollo even more. He has the *nerve* to snicker. "I think this was an amazing idea, actually."

“I hate it up here,” Percy whines. “Put me down, air head.”

“The insults are completely unnecessary,” Apollo protests, jostling him again and Percy pulls at his hair, not above resorting to childish techniques to get what he wants. “Ouch! Okay, okay, baby, you know I love it when we play rough, but this was *your* idea.”

“I’m gonna give myself a concussion if you don’t put me down.”

A nervous pause. “Surely you wouldn’t. It’s just a piggyback—”

Percy starts straightening up and Apollo makes a panicked noise, compensating by dropping down to his knees. He moves too fast for Percy to adjust, which means they lose their balance and end up tipping sideways, collapsing into the couch, Percy’s fall being softened by the convenient pillow of Apollo taking the brunt. They lay there for a moment, and then untangle themselves, only for Apollo to pull him into his lap while they remain sitting on the floor.

“Next time,” he starts, smiling. “You can just tell me you want me to spoil you—”

“I made brownies this morning.”

“—or we can just agree that I’m wrong, you’re right, and your food is to die for.”

A chair spins around. As the light of a lamp comes on, it blinds both Apollo and his tiny, brooding, mysterious host.

“Um,” he says, blinking spots out of his eyes. He looks around the room, at the desk with papers scattered around and the board full of connected red pins hanging from the wall above it. In the middle, a simple statement, written in blood-red: *WHY????* “No offense, Nico, but this isn’t what I had in mind when you told me you were getting into journalism and wanted an interview. I was expecting a little more, you know, good taste, glam,

perhaps open curtains, and it's kinda odd that you're using the Big House attic, you know, a dead Oracle lived here—”

“Shhh, quiet!” Nico interrupts, slamming his hands on the table. There are handcuffs on top of it, messily drilled into it, and Apollo's too afraid to ask why Chiron has allowed this. “You're here to answer my questions and nothing more. The people need to know.”

“The people,” Apollo repeats with a nod. “You mean the Hermes cabin, who totally paid you to do this?”

“I'm the one that'll ask the questions,” Nico huffs, and falls back dramatically into his chair, which Apollo notices is a lot more comfortable than his own blue plastic stool. There really isn't appreciation for tone accuracy in regards to dramatic clandestine interviewing anymore. “How often in a day would you say that you fall for Percy's jumpscare? Be honest, or I'm going to have to call Harley to deal with you.”

“What?” Apollo snaps, and then Nico digs his hand into the pocket of his jacket and pulls out a button with a smiley face sticker on it. He swallows. Oh, dear, he doesn't want to know what Harley might do with permission to inflict torture. “I mean... what... what kind of question is that? Did Will allow this?”

“A good one,” Nico assures him, expression blank. “It won the poll.”

“Of course it did,” Apollo agrees. “I'm afraid that question is completely baseless and inspired by pure rumors—”

Nico slams his hands into the table again, standing up so hard that his chair falls backwards, and Apollo jumps so hard that he almost turns his stool into dust. “Don't lie to me! Answer the question, boy scout!”

“That's strangely upsetting for you to say—” he tries, but Nico just hovers his thumb over his Harley button, and he swallows. “I mean... I, I would say maybe once or twice a day, really, not a big deal—”

“And did one of those jumpscare scare you so hard that you caused the COVID-19 outbreak?”

Apollo chokes, extremely offended. “Excuse *you*, I totally dealt with that before it got ugly!”

“China was overrun! It could’ve led to a pandemic!” Nico points a finger at him. “There’s a vaccine going around now, and who knows what it’ll do to demigods!”

“Nico, it’s just a vaccine,” Apollo leans back, away from his finger. “It’s totally safe for demigods. I’m pretty sure demigods made it. Did you know the last five presidents of the United States were all demigods—”

“Did you and Percy cause the outbreak or not? You can’t distract me from the truth!” Nico throws some papers over the table to the ground, making Apollo jump again. He almost falls off his poor plastic stool.

“We weren’t even dating then!”

“Was it the best archer deity, Artemis, that scared you then?”

“You’re a very rude small man!”

“You asked for this!” Nico scoffs, and preses the Harley button. Apollo hears noise coming from downstairs. Oh no.

salt: apollo, how did the interview with nico go

the entire sun: um

the entire sun: when he asks you for one

the entire sun: say no. immediately. and run

salt: what

salt: what did nico do

salt: apollo.

salt: r u dead or what

the entire sun: he has a harley

salt: what???

salt: like the motorbike?

salt: what the fuck???

4. Chapter 4

salt: okay so

salt: hold on

salt: im being shot at brb

the entire sun: what????? What??? Percy???

the entire sun: percy??? What the fuck????

[5 minutes later]

salt: i am no longer being shot at

the entire sun: what. who the fuck

Percy comes home to find Apollo in his bed. Now, this is usually a good thing; there's nothing better than getting home from the library and finding your hot god boyfriend in nothing but tiny itty pajama shorts waiting for you, except for a few things.

First, Apollo's asleep, which is not something he usually does without Percy, because gods don't need sleep. Second, all the lights are off, which just makes the first point even weirder, because he can't imagine that Apollo came to his place without turning any lights on, got naked, and then collapsed in his bed. Third, he's fucking dabbing.

Percy stares from the doorway, looking at Apollo's peaceful sleeping figure, arms in a perfect dab, wondering if maybe he had one too many of Piper's edibles, but the scene never changes. After coming to terms with the fact that he's in love with *this* fucking idiot, Percy takes a deep breath, takes off his own clothes, and makes his way, quietly and carefully, to the bed, until he's able to grab the pillow Apollo's not using.

Then, he stands next to him, and presses the pillow over his face, hard, smothering him.

It only takes like two seconds, and then Apollo's awake, flailing his arms, holding on to Percy's in panic. He is a god and he could easily get out of this one; he doesn't even need to *breathe*, but Percy ignores how amusing it is that he's playing along in lieu of sounding fake-angry.

"I told you what would happen to you if you dabbled in my house," he says, trying to be threatening, but he sees Apollo's shoulders shake—probably with laughter. Eh, he's not that good of an actor. "You can't dab in front of me and not suffer the consequences!"

They struggle for five minutes—which is probably longer than someone would be able to stay conscious in this situation, which says a lot about how ridiculous they are as a couple and no one should've allowed this—and then Apollo finally manages (read; he actually uses his strength on Percy) to take the pillow away, throwing it at the wall, and then pulling him down into the bed with legs by tripping him.

They're cuddling now. "I hate you. *Why* would you fall asleep like that?"

"I wanted to surprise you," Apollo whines, kissing his neck over and over like the sappy nerd he is. Then, he lifts his head and looks into his eyes. "I love play-fighting with you, honey."

Percy elbows his stomach with far more strength than usual and Apollo chokes, but he pats his back and presses a kiss against the corner of his mouth. "Next time, make sure I'm the one getting choked."

"Holy *shit*—"

Nico's damp room is kinda cool, but... "It's too goth."

He stares at her, half confused, half scared. This camp never got over what she did to Sherman, huh? That's lame. "Meg McCraffey... um, you're sure you're willing to do this interview?"

“It’s whatever,” Meg shrugs, because she doesn’t really care either way, as long as there aren’t personal questions. If there are, she’s gonna annoy Apollo about it for the next six months, and not let him have a break. “Don’t care. Ask away.”

Nico sits down in the blue plastic stool that he had told her to sit in, but refused to, because that doesn’t look comfortable at all, and she can see burn stains from whatever it was that Harley did to Apollo. That was a fun day.

“Um,” Nico starts, frowning when Meg reclines back against her chair—his chair—and reaches for the snacks set on the table, next to the handcuffs. She shamelessly chews a mouthful, which only seems to make Nico more uncomfortable. Good. She’s not here to play. “So... how many times did you consider killing, maiming, or abandoning Lester during your quest?”

She thinks about it for a minute or two, scratching a dry spot of dirt on her cheek. “Eh, maybe five. Yeah, five.”

Nico blinks like he wasn’t expecting that answer, then clears his throat. “Okay... well, how many times did Lester complain about his hair and nails being dirty?”

“Four-hundred and twelve,” Meg shrugs. “Can I go now? I heard the Stoll are at camp this year.”

“Uh, no,” Nico shakes his head. “How many times did you and Lester play princess and dragon?”

“Maybe sixteen times,” Meg shoves another mouthful of snacks in her mouth, and, because Apollo taught her well, reaches for a napkin, patting it across her mouth. “I was the princess everytime, obviously. Why aren’t you writing any of this down?”

Nico swallows. “What?”

“You said you were a journalist,” Meg points out—literally, Nico’s wearing a badge that says *official CHB reporter*. “Where’s your journal?”

“I forgot about it,” Nico says, frowning at her. “Don’t get smart with me, though, I’m the one asking—”

“No, I don’t think you are,” Meg interrupts him, shaking her head. “Why are you doing this? Did someone pay you?”

“I don’t have to answer that.”

“It was the Victor twins, wasn’t it? They’re mad about the Apollo cabin winning Capture the Flag, but you’re dating Will, so you can’t go against them, but you can get paid to make Apollo look dumb for a bit.”

Nico’s eyes widen. “I think that’s the longest sentence I’ve ever heard you say.”

“Cool,” Meg brings up her legs, leaning her shoes on the table. “Go get me a drink and I won’t tell anyone about this.”

“That’s extortion—”

“So what?” Meg rolls her eyes. “I’ll tell Will.”

Nico goes and gets her a drink.

salt: i can’t believe it

the entire sun: what?

salt: im dating a white man

the entire sun: i

the entire sun: i mean. I guess, but that is

the entire sun: well, you still love me, right?

The entire sun: right?

the entire sun: percy?

the entire sun: oh my gods this can't be happening i knew this would come back to bite me

the entire sun: whyyyyyy 🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔

salt: dude wtf

salt: i love you

the entire sun: OH THANK FUCK

salt: but now you don't get to say no to the spice i put on my meals

the entire sun: NOOOOOOOOOOO

homosexual activities

salt: alright guys quick poll

salt: murder

salt: murder

the entire sun: Sleep

salt: you will die in 7 days

knife knife revolution: have fun!

salt: thank you for supporting my life goals

fruit salads

the entire sun: only homosexuals make tyopos

the entire sun: oh no

salt: get his fucking ass

olympian council group chat

sonic: [attached video: a shaky seven second video of a roomba that appears to have a knife taped to it. the video cuts off with a scream that sounds like hermes as the roomba turns towards the camera]

the entire sun: what the hell are you doing in my house

knife knife revolution: ignoring the fact that hermes just died, what the fuck apollo?

the entire sun: it's my new defense system. my sugar baby came up with it

monster fucker: im sorry your what

the entire sun: my sugar baby

bitch: oh this is good

monster fucker: do we know this sugar baby

knife knife revolution: you're gonna regret asking that

bitch: yep

the entire sun: it's percaksLSDFASDDDDA;FAL'P243

step-witch: i think someone's finally killed them

[salt has been added to the chat]

salt: dad

salt: dont

[salt has left the chat]

thunder fucker: who was that

sonic: CAN SOMEONE HELP ME WITH THIS FUCKING ROOMBA

the entire sun: his name is sir jacob the fourth dont be rude

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

ah yes. smut.

if there are typos rip me, but really, doesn't matter. enjoy the porn!

“Ah, ah, *god*, yea—” Percy gasps, eyes rolling up, his whole body shivering. Apollo grips his thigh a little harder, and changes angles, going in deeper. Percy lets out a loud whine, clenches, stealing a groan from himself. “Holy shit, oh my *god*, Jesus fucking Christ—”

Hm. “What was that, again?”

Percy doesn’t process the question. This is something that often happens when he has him with his legs spread, laying on his side, one under Apollo’s body and the other over his shoulder as he fucks into him. Actually, this happens every time he fucks him, period; sometimes Percy answers with surprising lucidness, which is when Apollo *knows* he’s gonna end up being the one on his back as Percy rides him, but most of the times they find themselves like this, Percy lets go of any thoughts so beautifully that it makes him want to keep in bed forever.

He’s tried before. They got a record of three days going. They would’ve gone for the fourth if Rachel hadn’t come back from family vacation with Will and Nico a day earlier.

“*Jesus*,” Percy repeats anyways, when Apollo reaches down with his free hand to wrap his hand around his dick. His body starts to tense, going taut, back arching; Apollo leans down as best as he can to lick the sweat sliding down his neck, grinding his hips into him. “*God*, yeah, yeah, fuck, it’s good, so *good*, Jesus, fuck, I’m close—”

Apollo stops altogether, wrapping his fingers around the base of Percy’s cock, shaking his head. Percy at first has no reaction, perhaps thinking he’s just going to edge him, but Apollo remains staring at him, skin flushed,

chest heaving, sweating and clenching his hands into fists, his legs trembling. After a few couple seconds, Percy finally whines, a noise of protest that sits high-pitched and needy at the back of his throat, opening his eyes to look at him.

“What—” He interrupts himself, trying to grind his body back into Apollo’s, but he doesn’t have good leverage like this. He has to admit it feels a little exciting to watch the growing desperation in Percy’s eyes, his lips trembling as he tries to keep down more filthy sounds. “Apollo, what are you—”

“Oh, so *now* you remember my name,” Apollo chuckles, patting Percy’s thigh and dropping a kiss against his knee as he makes a sound of confusion. Apollo unwraps Percy’s leg from his shoulder and sets it around his waist instead, making sure to do the same to the one under him. “Do you think I fancy hearing His Holy Name coming from your lips when I’m the one doing the hard work?”

“Uh,” Percy opens his mouth, closes it, and makes a tiny, breathless sound when Apollo starts, ever so slowly, moving inside him again. “I— sorry? You’re just so *good*, and, gods, so big I can’t even think—”

“Flattering,” Apollo laughs, leaning down to kiss his forehead, ignoring the way Percy starts moaning again. “I’m not letting you cum unless you’re screaming my name, got it?”

Percy’s eyes widen, and then Apollo picks up the pace, watching him as he starts losing lucidness again, basking in the chorus of his sounds. Percy clearly understands the assignment, because now all he hears are sweet, sweet calls to his name that compel him to go harder and faster, keeping his lips pressed to Percy’s neck and moaning back, creating one of his favorite melodies ever: the two of them in harmony, giving in to love and pleasure. There’s nothing more pleasant than that...

...except teasing Percy until he cries. Just a little.

He gathers himself and waits until Percy starts to get to that lovely point again when his voice starts breaking and his body coiling, then he stops.

This time, the reaction is immediate:

“Apollo!” Percy whines, half out of pleasure and half out of frustration. “*Please*, Apollo, holy shit, I’m gonna *kill you*—”

“I just changed my mind,” Apollo shrugs, casually, and watches Percy press his face against his pillow in disbelief, rocking his hips. He’s, of course, not made out of steel, so he makes sure to grip his hips and pin them down, using a little bit of godly strength because he knows Percy likes rough-housing if that’s what it takes to get Apollo to forget about his plans and fuck him senseless. “Could you try Phoebus, this time?”

Percy lets out a distressed sound. “Shut up and fuck me, *Phoebus*, you son of a—”

He obeys, of course, for all of the thirty-seconds it takes for Percy to get close again, then stops, mercilessly pressing his cock inside Percy in tight circles, tiny thrusts that aren’t going to be nearly enough. Percy takes a deep, deep breath, and Apollo leans to get a closer look, watching how he starts tearing up. Really, it happened faster than he thought it would, and he’s proud of that.

“Sadist,” Percy mumbles, making Apollo chuckle again. He looks desperate, from the way his body is held so tense to how he’s licking his lips, tangling his fingers in his hair. “You sick sadist, you cruel motherfucker—”

“Masochist,” Apollo snorts back, because Percy’s trying to move his hips and getting bruises for his trouble. It makes him laugh, and Apollo takes that chance to thrust into him, hard, knocking the air out of his lungs. “Why don’t we try Ancient Greek, now? I think that would sound lovely.”

Percy blinks up at him in disbelief. “Dude—”

“Ἀπόλλων,” Apollo says, winking. Percy’s mouth drops open. “It’s not that hard.”

“I hate you,” Percy declares, but repeats his name. “Ἀπόλλων, right?”

“That’s perfect,” Apollo sighs, happy, and presses a hot, long kiss against Percy’s mouth, biting his bottom lip. “Hold on tight, baby.”

When Percy gets close again, he makes sure to pull Apollo by the hair to kiss him and dig his talons into his back, eagerly moving his hips in time with his thrusts, not risking another interruption. And Apollo could go through a variety of names he’s been called through history, really, could keep this up all night, but Percy’s eyes are spilling tears of pleasure and relief when he realizes he doesn’t plan to stop this time, and his name really does sound so sweet in his lips... so, he can settle for this.

As he cums, he messes up his name into vague syllables, his body twitching and drool escaping from his mouth that Apollo very greedily licks up, sighing before sliding his hands down to Percy’s ass and lifting him slightly, into a better position to fuck him as deep and as hard as possible. This is when Percy starts screaming, of course, sensitive and still coming down, helplessly kicking his legs out from overstimulation before he’s pulling Apollo in, shaking and moaning, until he cums inside him.

Afterwards, Percy remains shaking, twitching and shuddering, breathing hard, unable to control his frayed nerve endings. Apollo runs his hands over his thighs, watching him violently shiver, *trying* (and failing) not to be too smug.

“Was that up to your standards, baby?” He asks, kissing Percy’s cheek. Percy opens his eyes and looks at him, not even glaring, too tired for it, and nods. Apollo coos and cuddles him, caressing his skin to try and soothe his shaking. “Was it too much?”

“‘Could’ve taken a lil’ more,” Percy mumbles, making Apollo laugh. “It was... it was so fucking good, though. I love you. Love your *dick*, holy shit.”

Apollo laughs again. “I think you need a nap, baby.”

“Whatever,” Percy sighs, in that way he does when his mind is very much gone. Apollo kisses his lips and pulls him into a more comfortable position, so he can rest against his chest. “Wake me up to study in three hours.”

“Sure,” Apollo lies, because Percy needs better self-care habits. “Night, sunshine. Make sure to dream of me, will you?”

“Always, silly,” Percy snorts, and then immediately starts snoring.

Gods of Olympus, what a night.

6. Chapter 6

Percy's insomnia decides to make itself known again on a rainy, Wednesday night. He has an exam to take tomorrow at around eight a.m. and he's never felt more ready for a test before. He cooked a delicious dinner for Rachel and Will, so he's still pleasantly full. Apollo is laying next to him on the bed, wrapped around his back, and by all means and purposes, life is perfect.

Now, if only he could sleep.

Percy groans and turns, wrapping his arms around Apollo's middle. He knows that gods don't sleep but Apollo likes to do it anyways, even if it's only a part of him that is truly asleep, so he doesn't want to disturb him and make him share his insomnia. Instead, Percy just stares at his perfect features, traces the straight line of his nose and the sharp edge of his jaw and sighs.

But Apollo knows him too well, and within seconds of Percy moving his touch down towards his neck and landing at his collarbone, Apollo is stirring, opening those baby blues and humming at him, already completely awake, because gods are gods.

"What is it?" Apollo asks softly, leaning in to kiss Percy's forehead. "What are you doing up, baby?"

"I couldn't sleep," Percy sighs, and Apollo winces in sympathy, pulling him closer into a hug. "I'm not even stressed."

"I can knock you out if you want," Apollo offers, but Percy shakes his head no. He sleeps a little too well when Apollo uses his god magic touch, and he has to be up early tomorrow. "Hm, is there something else I can do to help you, then?"

Percy thinks about it really hard, pressing their foreheads together, trying to remember what used to help him sleep, before Apollo's warm arms and

Annabeth's steady presence, when it was just him and mom and Paul. A memory comes to mind, from many, many years ago, now, and he smiles.

"Mix some warm milk and honey for me?" Percy asks, and Apollo smiles at him, slow and loving, soothing him right down to his bones. "Mom used to do that when I was little. It was nice."

"You got it, baby," Apollo grabs his hand and presses a kiss to knuckles, before untangling himself from Percy's hold and standing up from the bed. He's butt-naked, but as he walks towards the door, a pair of boxers materializes on him. Percy's sad to see them, but then again, Percy lives with his son and Oracle, so it's only fair. "I'll be right back."

Percy tries to wait for Apollo, but he's restless at heart. Within a few seconds, he's standing up, slipping his feet into the obnoxious sun-themed fuzzy slippers Apollo got him a while back, and walks out of his room to the kitchen. Apollo is serving milk for two in a pot and measuring honey with a spoon over the stove, and Percy just watches him for a second, under the light of a single reading lamp that sits in a corner of the kitchen counters.

He's all bronze skin, defined muscles, golden hair and tall as a tree. Percy loves him so very much, but what makes his heart throb with happiness in this moment is the carefulness with which he scoops and mixes the honey, the tiny frown on his features when he has to use his finger to get the residuals out of the spoon and onto the pot.

Percy approaches and grabs his wrist, then sucks his finger into his mouth. Apollo looks at him with a raised eyebrow and eyes like the honey he's savoring on his tongue, a tiny smile on his lips. "I thought you were gonna stay in bed."

"Couldn't handle it without you," Percy says, shrugging, and Apollo lets out a low laugh, shaking his head as he closes up the honey and puts the milk back inside the fridge. "You've made me dependent on you, that's why I don't pay for a heater."

“No,” Apollo corrects him, clicking his tongue. “That’s why *Rachel* pays for the heat in this apartment.”

“Touche,” Percy agrees, and pulls him in once he’s done stirring the milk, wrapping him up in a hug. In his arms, Percy looks up at him and pouts. “I missed you.”

“I was gone all of five seconds,” Apollo points out, but he leans down and drops a kiss on his nose. “But I missed you too, Perseus.”

They stand there, tangled in each other for several seconds. Then, Apollo starts humming, his hands shift so that he has an arm around Percy’s waist and the other is holding his hand out, pulling him close. He starts swaying, and Percy laughs.

“You don’t even ask me for a dance now?” Percy asks, following along. Apollo twirls him and he almost trips because the floor is wood and he’s wearing socks, but Apollo just pulls him back in, looking giddy. “It’s just a given for you?”

“You love dancing with me,” Apollo chuckles, going back to humming. It’s a song that sounds old, the kind Percy couldn’t recognize if he tried. He loves it.

“You’re the only person I want to dance with,” Percy whispers, and Apollo lets out a deep sigh, looking down at him with lovesick eyes, leaning down to kiss him as they keep swaying.

They get lost in each other, as they often do. The kiss turns from sweet to heated and at some point they stop swaying at all. Percy ends up pressed against the kitchen island, his arms looped around Apollo’s shoulders.

Apollo’s hands just about drift to his thighs when they hear a loud hiss and jump away from each other in panic. They look at the stove, and Apollo rushes to turn off the heat, cursing at all the spilled milk. “Fuck, I forgot about this.”

Percy just laughs. It's the middle of the night, he has insomnia, Apollo is in boxers with a pattern of caricature suns wearing sunglasses, cursing and fighting the milk with a single piece of cloth and his bare hands because gods can't get burned, and he couldn't be happier.

Percy waves a hand at the milk as he keeps laughing hysterically and Apollo just stares in defeat at how it obeys his command and moves over to the sink, not a single drop left spilled on the stove.

Apollo sighs, turns to him, and blows him a kiss. "I love you so, so much, baby."

Percy walks over and pulls his face down to kiss him. "I love you too, you silly sun."

"*Your* silly sun," Apollo insists, completely deadpan, and if possible, Percy laughs harder.

Percy doesn't get his milk, but when he returns to bed, he sleeps like a baby in Apollo's arms, and decides that this is better.